THE LOVE OF GAIN:

A POEM.

IMITATED FROM THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL

Oh! thou fweet King-killer, and dear Divorce
'Twist natural Son and Sire! thou bright Defiler
Of Hymen's pureft Bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever-loved, fresh, young, and delicate Woocr,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Disn's lap!

SHAKESPEARE.

By M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P.
AUTHOR OF THE MONK, CASTLE-SPECTRE, ETC.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, NO. 148, OXFORD-STREET.

THE LOVE OF CAIN:

A POEM

INTERTED FROM THE THREE STREETS OF DIVINIS

On I then forces King-hiller, and there Die eee

Joseph Langer Son and Son't food briefly Delice

On Livener's part is in it of containing there

Then entreferred, scalar syring and delicent by one,

Nicola his ladell glary the years have then

Vines his a Delice the

By M. C. LEWIS, AND M. P.

THE THE TOTAL CAPTURE STREET IS NOT

restant paints

SAMO ACTO

The second of the season is any gardeness

THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES JAMES FOX,

THE following Lines are respectfully inscribed, as a trisling Mark of the Veneration in which I hold his Talents and Character, and which his present Retirement from Public Life gives me an Opportunity thus to declare without running the Hazard of subjecting myself to Party Censure.

M. G. LEWIS.

January 28th, 1799.

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JUVENAL.

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HTMRITSINT BUT BRITAL

THE LOVE OF GAIN.

Judice, nemo nocens abfolvitur, improba quamvis
Gratia fullaci Pentoris vicerit urna

15 10 10 10 10 10

When Enklip his a the chief satisfied from a

bull in the wirtigh in private thought as once

B

JUVENAL.

SATIRE THE THIRTEENTH.

Displicet auctori. Prima est hæc ultio, quod, se Judice, nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis Gratia fallaci Prætoris vicerit urna.

THE LOVE OF GAIN.

EMILIUS—THE AUTHOR.

a Ored feeding primal demona Calvana, recently be a see

Artiollogica deprines northern some milt

THE AUTHOR.

Though oft, the heart when raging passions storm,
To Vice we kneel, and fain would veil her form,
Her native darkness ever mocks disguise,
And crimes look foul, e'en in their author's eyes.
Here the first mark of heav'nly vengeance view;
Vice, false to others, to herself is true!
When the pack'd jury, and the quibbled flaw
Delude the eye, and lame the arm of law;
When Erskine's wit the culprit-client saves,
And fraud unscourged offended justice braves;
To
Still is the wretch in private doom'd to hear
From his own heart a verdict more severe.

5. Quid fentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
De fcelere, & fidei violatæ crimine? fed nec
Tam tenuis cenfus tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ te mergat onus: nec rara videmus,
Quæ pateris. Cafus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, & è medio Fortunæ ductus acervo.
Ponamus nimios gemitus: flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor effe viri, nec vulnere major.
Tu, quamvis levium minimam, exiguamque malorum
Particulam vix ferre potes, fpumantibus ardens
Vifceribus, facrum tibi quod non reddat amicus
Depofitum. Stupet hæc, qui jam post terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos, Fontejo Consule natus?

An nihil in melius tot rerum proficit usu?

Still is the wretch in private doesn't to hear

From his own lican a verdich more fevigie.

There dwells a judge, whose voice no bribe can pay,

No party filence, and no flattery sway;

The sinner shrinks, before himself arraign'd,

And almost forrows, that his cause is gain'd.

Nor does his guilt himfelf alone difguft;
The world condemns, for here the world is just:
Unpunish'd crimes still shock the public ear,
And crimes unpunish'd doubly foul appear.

Then why, Emilius, thus in furious strain

Of broken faith, and laws corrupt complain?

Less warmth, my testy friend; more justly found

Your injury's depth, nor call your scratch a wound.

With plenteous store by Fortune's bounty blest,

Of bonds, and stock, and fertile lands possest,

Your loss is trifling, and so trite your case,

Scarce in the public prints 'twill find a place.'

While, then, we mark your breast with passion rise,

Your trembling lips, clench'd hands, and stashing eyes,

When ask'd the cause, how poor the answer sounds,

"A friend is false! I've lost a thousand pounds."—

is the control of transparent attenual fines and each to 4 -

As trade stand or salarit assessment blow of the

the state of the bound of the bound of the both

was bring bounded in the soul strained bring was to

Los seasons, new restriction of manager than the

Some instruct elegant, one cultivated by the professional

state assess descention single and and a to

Of heart of more stands and other periods of

Or broken faith, and leas corrupts chart majord to

Copposite Various ton Species as public case

Magna quidem, facris quæ dat præcepta libellis,
Victrix Fortunæ Sapientia. Ducimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vità didicere magistra,

23. Quæ tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,
Persidiam, fraudes, atque omne ex crimine lucrum
Quæsitum, et partos gladio, vel pyxide nummos?
Rari quippe boni: numerus vix est totidem, quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.
Nona ætas agitur, pejoraque secula ferri

Which lately faw its fixtieth year go by?

Has age then bleach'd your raven locks in vain,
Impair'd your limbs, and not matur'd your brain?

Oh! mourn your drofs no more: with tears lament
Your mind unfurnish'd, and your time mispent.

Blest is the man, whom philosophic lore
Beyond proud Fortune's reach has taught to soar;

Who, when she frowns, her falshood not reviles,
Nor boasts her favour when the harlot smiles.

Nor him less happy count, whose years have bought
Precious experience, and deep-searching thought.

Wisdom to know all bliss is insecure,
Courage to hope, and patience to endure.

Say, loud complainant, does the rolling year

Prefent one day from fraud or knavery clear,

Whose spotless White no thests, no murders stain,

Writing in blood man's damning lust for gain?

In vain you search:—yet still the search pursue,

Examine men, and find of good how sew!

Once balvest, Venerus airens, pecinia

in the spirated operation is likely as his period one self.

Smired week Bushe, and one make A way Maleria

Your mind metarginh's, and your tloss miligion.

Beyond proud Fortune's reach has taught to fore;

Who, when the frowns, her fullhood nor reviles,

gred distribute read whom and a fatti

Nor boarls her favour when the harlot finile

Courage to hope, and patierice to cadure.

Sav, loud complainant, does the colling year

Profest one day from fraud or knavary clear,

On I momen secondrofs an increas with reasonament

Temporibus: quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa

Nomen, & à nullo posuit Natura metallo.

Quanto Fæsidium laudat vocalis agentem (120 apploated Sportula.

33. Dic fenior bullà dignissime, nescis,

Quas habeat Veneres aliena pecunia? nescis,

Whofe frotles White no theirs, no inurders flain.

Writing in blood man's damning hist for gailed

So few, alas! that if that guilt to fly stall great and many Which daily, hourly, here difgusts the eye, The just resolv'd to leave the British strand, And feek fome diffant lefs polluted land, The whole fair troop away with ease might bear My lord-mayor's barge, and still have room to spare. Now let the iron age no more be blam'd; Bleft should its memory be, when ours is nam'd, For which no bard can find in nature's page So base a metal as would mark the age!

Yet though ourselves still sin, not less we blame Our neighbour's fin, and, when be errs, exclaim Louder than fishwives scold, or affes bray, Or Vapid puffs his own dry dull damn'd play! All-hail, mouth-virtue! at your altar bend Each canting hypocrite, and perjur'd friend; Spare Lovegold fees his houfhold god in you, Who coft no fixpence, and who feem Peru!

Boy-witted Elder! must thou still be told, No forcerer's fpell can witch an heart like gold?

60

Quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat, cum
Exigis à quoquam, ne pejeret: & putet ullis
Esse aliquod numen templis, aræque rubenti?
Quondam hoc Indigense vivebant more, prius quam
Sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem
Saturnus sugiens. Tunc, cum virguncula Juno,
Et privatus adhuc Idæis Jupiter antris.

Her flood its memory be, when ours is nam'd.

Foreverley no bank ever high in nature's taken

All-hall, month-virtue? at your alter bend

No forcerer's friell can which an heart filte gold

So base a metal-as would mark the age!

60. Nunc, fi depositum non inficietur amicus,
Si reddat veterem cum tota ærugine follem,
Prodigiosa fides, & Tuscis digna libellis,
Quæque coronată lustrari debeat agnă.

64. Egregium, fanctumque virum fi cerno, bimembri
Hoc monstrum puero, vel mirandis sub aratro
Piscibus inventis, & scetæ comparo mulæ.

That in each guinea conqu'ring Cupids swarm, And Venus less than good King George can charm? Hear you not, how the rude but wifer crowd Mock your fimplicity with laughter loud, When raving about faith, and virtuous dread, And lightnings deftin'd for each perjur'd head, You hope the traitor (by your threats difmay'd) Will keep the promife, which he can evade? If fuch things were, 'twas fure ere Adam fell, Or Eve loft Eden for a nonpareil! But now a debt if some strange man should own, When neither bond or witness prove the loan, To mark an act fo just, and truth fo rare, His marble form should grace some public square, And his name blazon'd in the historic page, Attest that one good man adorn'd our age.

For me, whene'er such acts of faith I hear, Lost in amaze, and trusting scarce mine ear, "Let all," I cry, " to view this wonder run,

" And Pidcock * own his rarities outdone.

· Keeper of the Exhibition at Exeter 'Change.

That in each guines counge's any Gapida Lwarm, And Venus left than good King George can charm! hwara rativ and short eds work son nov until Mock your finglicky with laughter loud, When raving about faith, and virtuous dread, And lightenings deftin'd for each nerlin'd head, of You hope the traitor (by your threats diffusy's) WW keep the promife, which he can evide have If fuch some were, thursdore ere Adam tell. Or Eve loft Eden for a nonparell !. But now a debt if fome firenge man fhopld own,

71. Intercepta decem quæreris sestertia fraude

Sacrilega? quid fi bis centum perdidit alter

Hoc arcana modo?

And his name blazon'd in the historic page, Attest that one good man adom'd our age. For me, whenever fuch acts of faith I bear,

Fold in amaze; and tradling fearer mine cars

"Let all," I cry, " to view this wonder tun,

" And Pidcock own his rarities outdone:

* Keeper of the Exhibition in Rected Change.

- "Mourn, haples Pidcock, mourn! your reign is o'er;
- "In vain your eagles scream, and tigers roar;
- "The crowds, who erft to view your monfters ran,
- " Now feek a rarer fight, an honest man!
- "What drinks, what eats he? for I ne'er can think,
- " Like common mortals he can eat or drink.
- " How fpeaks, how walks he? ere I fleep to-night,
- "On this rare creature I must feast my sight."

 And when, at length, this wonder I behold,

 Amaz'd to find him cast in human mould,

 I'm vex'd that like ourselves on earth he treads,

 And scarce believe he hasn't got two heads.

100

But fay, Emilius, if a wrong thus flight

So wounds thy feelings and difguils thy light, that mal at

How wouldst thou rave, if Fraud's glib tongue had found

The means to 'reave thee of thy last poor pound in poor

Or how support a friend's more guilty stealth,

When loss of freedom follows loss of wealth?

Turn to you prison! list you captive's tale,

Who rashly stood his smooth-tongu'd brother's bail:

**Mount, haplefs Felcock, mounts to voier reagn a over read to voier mount enters which and come country with the crowds, who cut to view your monifers may be now feel; a rarer fight, an include man?

**What drinks, what each be a for the presentable of the common mounts he can est and the continue.

**How founds, how walks he town the addit.

**How founds, how walks he town thosp co-night.

**On this rare creations! much said moving he.

And when, at least he time want to be model.

And when he best was in human mould.

And three believe he have the continue for the tread.

And three believe he have the tread had not a feet here the continue first first here had a wrong this fight.

75. Tam facile & pronum est superos contemnere testes,
Si mortalis idem nemo sciat! adspice, quanta
Voce neget, quæ sit sieti constantia vultus?

Or now support a friend's more guilty licality.

When lots of freedom follows left of wealth?

Turn to you prifen! list you captive, this,

Who rathly flood his smooth-tengural brother's hall:

Pent in those walls, the wretch all hope resigns, Now wildly raves, and now dejected pines; While his free life abroad the debtor spends, Enjoys new pleasure, and defrauds new friends.

EMILIUS.

Oh! but my wretch fo wondrous well deceiv'd, Sufpicion's felf had fure his faith believ'd! He fwore fuch oaths!.....

THE AUTHOR.

He fwore! did that prevail,
And wert thou blinded by a trick fo stale?

Oaths now are trifles few refuse to take,
Easy to form, and easier still to break;
Their perjur'd vows but few with horror scan;
But few fear heavenly wrath, if safe from man,
Or shuddering think, their guilt that angels know,
The secret sin a secret still below.

Mark'd you, when late your cause in court was tried,
And your salse friend his lawful debt denied,
One slight convulsion, or one transient blush
Bid his lip quiver, or his forehead slush?

Front in those walls, the wrench-all hope schings

Better the supplement of depart of and 1 do.

Sufficion's fell-had fine his falth Seller 11

And west thou blinded by a trick to the

Eafy to form, and eafier full to break;

Outhe now are triffes new coffide to take for hear

And your falle friend his lawful debt denied.

One flight convultion, or one transient bloth,

Bid his lip quiver, or his forehead fluth !

ile floore facts carried in

Now wildly raves, and now dejected places;

84. Si vero & pater est: "Comedam," inquit, "flebile gnati Sinciput elixi." wan elimenta bue autholy wan evolus

18 to 3 . 5 3 to 3.

86. Sunt in Fortunæ qui cafibus omnia ponant, Et nullo credant mundum rectore moveri, Natura volvente vices & lucis, & anni, Atque ideo intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt. Mark'd you, when late your could in court was tried

Falter'd his tongue, when, loft all facred fear,
On God he call'd to prove his words fincere;
And wish'd, if just your charge, to curse his sin
Flames might consume himself and all his kin?
No! such his earnest air, and changeless face,
Each word, each look such candour seem'd to grace,
So firm his voice, so bold and clear his eye,
Yourself could scarce believe his tale a lye!

EMILIUS.

140

'Tis true! 'tis true! with horror ftruck I heard
The unblushing villain speak the damning word.
Gods! how can man thus brave celestial ire,
While heaven has justice, and while hell has fire!

THE AUTHOR.

Alas! my friend, an awful truth to tell,

There are, who fcorn that heaven, and mock that hell.

In vain for these alternate seasons reign,

Spring robes the fields, and Autumn swells the grain;

In vain the moon now gilds the brow of night,

And now the sun pours floods of glorious light:

Falter'd his tongue, when, lost all facted fear;
On God he call'd to prove his words tincere;
And wish'd, a'put your charge, to carte his fin
Flames might confunc himself and all his kin?
No! such his carnest air, and charge ich face,
Each word, each look such candour sem'd to glass,

90. Est alius metuens ne crimen poena sequatur.

Hic putat esse Deos, & pejerat, atque ita secum:

CAT

The unbluffing villain speak the damning word.

The unbluffing villain speak the damning word.

Gods! how can man thus brave celeftial ire,

While heaven has justice, and while belt has fire!

THE AUTHOR.

Alas! my friend, an awful truth to tell, of There are, who from that heaven, and mock that hell in vain for thefe alternate featons roign.

92. Decernat quodcumque volet de corpore nostro

Isis, & irato feriat mea lumina sistro,

Dummodo vel coecus teneam, quos abnego, nummos,

"Twas chance," they cry, "to those fair orbs gave birth,

"And chance alone with produce blefs'd the earth!"

Then boldly on the facred book they lay

Their lips to fwear fome good man's wealth away,

And while his fpoils their ravifh'd eyes bewitch,

Laugh at poor rogues, lefs impious and lefs rich.

Others, whom timid guilt forbids to climb
Those dreadful heights where Atheists foar sublime,
Own that a Power Supreme exists on high,
But while they own a power, that power defy.
To these the priest inspir'd describes in vain
Each promis'd pleasure, and each threaten'd pain:
Heaven's future joys their notice scarce seem worth,
Wealth in this world, their present heaven on earth,
Nor fear they to deserve the Eternal's curse,
Hell bad, 'tis true, but want of money worse!

[&]quot;Let wrath divine," thus Gripe in transport cries,

[&]quot;Curse every limb, and quench my blasted eyes,

[&]quot; If still harmonious founds mine ears may drink,

[&]quot;While in you cheft my counted guineas chink,

"Twas chance alone with produce block'd the earth?"

And chance alone with produce block'd the earth?"

Then boldly on the facred book they loy.

Their lips to furar some good man's wealth away,

And while his foods their ravided syes bewitch.

Laugh at poor rogues, less impious had less rich.

Others, wheth thaid goilt forbids to climb.

Those areadrd hereins where Atheirs for this.

Own that a Power Supreme exists on bigh,

Sut while they own a power, that power defy.

To these the priest intour less in your.

100. Ut fit magna, tamen certè lenta ira Deorum est.

Hoaven's future joys their notice starce feem worth.

Wealth in this wort named slides as Sed Second worth.

Fortasse experiar. Solet his ignoscere. Multi-Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato.

Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.

" Carro every limits and quench mys fatted eyes the grain of the first har at enfoured outless mane excepting drank." While in you cheft my counted eniness thinks?

and a belonging has come a telebratery by

" And ftill my palfied hands have power to hold,	
"Close to my heart, this bag of darling gold!	0
"What! shall I fear, indignant Heaven to see	
" Its magazine of plagues exhauft on me?	
"What! shall I mourn the bargain made, if wealth	
"I buy with loss of fame, and loss of health?	
" No, still with glad content my heart shall beat,	
"Though tortures rack my hands, my eyes, my feet,	
" If hoards of gold my burfting coffers fill,	1
"Gold, which can foothe each pang, each fear can ftill,	٤
"Comfort for every care, and balm for every ill!)
"Yet why these fears? Celestial wrath, we know, 18	do
"Though just, is merciful; though fierce, is slow:	
" Perhaps too, when arrives the avenging hour,	
"Repentant prayers may calm Heaven's angry power;	
" Nor always in the world's vaft book we find	1916
" To equal fin an equal doom affigned.	
" Here fee with honours crown'd, there 'whelm'd with grief,	
"The Indian (poiler, and the English thief:	

" And mark, what varying fates their plunders stop

" Who robb'd a nation, and who robb'd a shop.

"And full my valided bands have power to hold."

" Close to my heart, this tag of darling boild?"

" What! thall I fear, audienant Merren to the

thm so faulted councile to snixpsem at .

Confirmant. Tunc te facra ad delubra vocantem

Præcedit, trahere imo ultro ac vexare paratus.

Nam cum magna malæ fuperest audacia cause,

Creditur à multis siducia.

" Gold, which can footbe each pang, cach fear can foll,

"Repentant provers may calm Heaven's angry power!;

" Comfort for every care, and balin for every ill!

112. Tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora vincere possis, Vel potius quantum Gradivus Homericus.

Et qui nec Cynicos, nec Stoïca dogmata legit

A Cynicis tunica diftantia; non Epicurum

Sufpicit exigui lætum plantaribus horti.

" Rafcals alike, by Fortune's wayward fport 190

"One goes to Tyburn, t'other goes to Court;

" And while this rogue is doom'd in air to fwing,

"That for a peerage kneels to thank the King."

The fophist's fears thus calm'd, the legal war No more he dreads, but dauntless seeks the bar,

Arrives before you, wonders why you flay,

And cries-" Sure conscience makes the wretch delay !"

Caught by his tranquil air and front of brafs,

(Oft does for innocence affurance pass)

The judge declares your charge must groundless be,

Its malice blames, and fets the prisoner free;

While you with fiercer rage affert your caufe,

And term the judge corrupt, unjust the laws,

Than Sappho felt when Drury damn'd her work,

Or Gallia's ftruggles rais'd in zealous Burke!

Yet now, Emilius, let my prayers affuage

Awhile this flood of grief, this ftorm of rage,

Nor fcorn my counsel, though from one it flows,

Whose life few years, whose brain small judgment knows:

" And while this royue is doon'd in aid to finde

"That for a promage kneels to thank the Keng!"

The lopinity feets thus calm of the ideal wat.

No more he directed best discusted fields the bate.

And term the judge corrupt, unjust the laws.

Or Gallia's thrugules cals'd in sections Janket

Yet now, Easilius, let my prayers of lager

As hile this Hood of grack this identical range

Nor footh my counted, thought from the fit flows

Whole life few years, wholesheshe healt judgmen

Than Sappho felt when Drury demn't her week

Tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi.

Ostendis, taceo, nec pugnis cædere pectus

Te veto, nec planà faciem contundere palmà;

Quandoquidem accepto claudenda est janua damno,

Et majore domús gemitu, majore tumultu

Planguntur nummi, quam funera.

Your lack of temper faits my lack of wit, And boyish griefs with boyish counsels fit. When amputation rifques a patient's life, Some skilful hand should guide the surgeon's knife; But who to bleed him Farguhar need retain, When the next barber's boy could breathe the vein? Mark then !- If what you mourn, were some dire ill No partner fuffer'd, and no time could ftill; If some strange curse, some plague to nature new, On you had fall'n, and fall'n on none but you, No word of mine should mock your publish'd pain, Or ftrive to bind your wrath in reason's chain. Who knows the human heart, must also know How keen the pangs which make your forrows flow: Not with those fighs, which heave the nephew's heart, Who fees his hoarding uncle's life depart; Not with those tears, which custom bids be shed By youthful widows for old hufbands dead; Grieve they, who dear departing wealth behold, And mourn, not loss of friends, but loss of gold.

131. Nemo dolorem

Fingit in hoc cafu, vestem diducere summam

Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto.

Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.

sur who to bleed him Facouleur no

as soon do a lim hou, o'lled bad see nO

How keep the party while it make your for

And movement and least of triggeds lightled of applied

As word of mine thought move your paletters.

Not with those figure which heavy the newlighted more

Ten' O Delicias extra communia censes

Ponendum; quia tu gallinæ filius albæ.

143. Rem pateris modicam, & mediocri bile ferendam,
Si flectas oculos majora ad crimina.

157. Hæc quota pars scelerum, quæ custos Gallicus urbis
Usque à Lucifero, donec lux occidat, audit?
Humani generis mores tibi nôsse volenti
Sufficit una domus.

2 30

No forc'd affliction bids their forrows rife;
They need no onion to provoke their eyes;
No!—Loft that idol most adored and dear,
Heart-felt despair, wild rage, and grief sincere
Burst in each bitter sigh, gush in each scalding tear.

Yet fure, my friend, 'tis wrong, unufual rage

To feel at crimes fo ufual in this age,

Unless your lot by fate you hoped design'd

Free from all crosses common to mankind.

Alas! ere beat your breast, ere rent your hair,

Weigh, what you bear yourself, what others bear.

240

No pangs are yours past man's, past Heaven's relief,

No mighty mischiefs move this mighty grief;

Search but the world, then own your wrongs how small

Placed near those wrongs on other heads which fall.

Must I attest the fact? To prove how Vice

Reigns sovereign bere, one house can well suffice.

To Bow-street turn!

Ye giddy, gay, and proud, Who fwell great London's ever-buftling crowd,

[.] The lines from the 247th to the 270th are by the Hon. William Lambe.

No fore'd affliction bids their forrows rife;
They need no onion to provoke their eyes;
No!-Loft that idol most adored and dear,
Heart-felt despair, wild rage, and grief sincere
Durst in each bitter figh, grush in each stalking tear,

Yet fare, my friend, 'els wrong, unafunl rage.
To feel at crimes fo usual in this age,
I aloss your lor by tate you hoped design'd.
Free from all croites codumon to mankind.
Alas! ere beat your bread, ere rent your hair,
Veigh, what you bear yourlelf, what others bear.
No pongs are yours past man's, past Heaven's reach.
No mighty middhiels move this mighty grief;
Scarth but the world, then own your wrongs how find!
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Ye giddy, gay, and pron

Who fivell great London's ever-builling crowd

London, where all extremes together meet, Folly's chief throne, and Wisdom's gravest feat; Where difagreements in agreement lie, One close-knit mass of contrariety; Where throng the rich and poor, the fool and knave, Where statesmen juggle, and where patriots rave; Where balls for advocates prepare their work, And embryo law-fuits in a whifper lurk; Where Cupid pays in fpecie for his wiles, And judges frown whene'er a lady fmiles; Where equal farce continual fport affords At Covent-Garden, or the House of Lords; 260 Where beggars with feign'd tears and ready fmiles, Cringe to St. James, or blubber to St. Giles; Ye who confusedly fail in motley trim Down this full flood of pleafure, bufinefs, whim, Whether you frame fmooth, glib, and specious lies To cheat a tradefman, or to raife fupplies, With private or with public mifery sport, Cheats upon 'Change, or Parafites at Court,

Leaden, where all extremes regeliars in set. today's chief throne, and Widom's gravell had a Where throng the vall and poor, the febt and knowe Where the telesion line of spil application of the a knot requel a n or contract oxiders but Where Caped pays in faccie for his water. And pulges flown whope'er a lady finite; Where equal trave continual sport after is At Covent-Garden, or the House of Lords a Where begges with feign'd reasonal ready fastle. Cringe to St. James, or blubber to St. Glest. Ye who contintedly fail in noticy trim Down this full flood of pleafure, bufface, whim. Whether you frame (mooth, glib, and (pedious lie) To chest a tradefinan, or to raife hipplies With private or with public mifety (port, Cheara upon 'Change, or Faradter at County

Now paufe awhile !- For one reflecting hour Forego your hopes of gain, your dreams of power, And hark, while tells the Mufe what monftrous crimes, What new-found fine referv'd for our strange times, Their hideous forms to Addington betray, From morn's first languish to the death of day. Here mark the thankless child, the unnatural fire, The Pandar flave who lets his spouse for hire, The adulterous friend, the trufted wanton wife, The brother aiming at the brother's life, The rake who cools in beauty's arms his heat, Then lets her flarve, or ply for bread the ftreet, And that dark train of foes to moral rules, Thieves, Bawds, Affaffins, Gamblers, Knaves, and Fools, Fools, who would fain be knaves No more I'll write, Hence, odious forms, nor longer shock my fight! Elfe by difgust and scorn to madness driven, Burfting those chains which bind my foul to Heaven, I shall disdain to breathe such tainted air, Shall blush an human form like these to wear,

Now paule awhile! - For one refleching hour Forego your hopes of gain, your disauns of power, And hark, while tells the Mute what monthrous crimes, What new-found fine referved for our strange times Their hideous forms to Addington berray, Learn morn's first languish to the death of day Here mark the thankle(s child, the unnatural fire, The Pandar flave who lets his spoute for lare, The adulterous friend, the truffed wanted wife, The brother aiming at the brother's life, The rake who cools in beauty's arms his heat, Then lets her flarve, or ply for bread the threet, And that dark train of foce to moral rules, Thieves, Bawds, Affaffins, Gamblers, Knaves, and Hools, Fools, who would fain be kinaves No more I'd write, Hence, edious forms, nor longer theck my fight! Elfe by diffruft and from to madnefs driven, Burffing those chains which bind my faul to Heaven, I thall diffain to breathe fuch tainted air, Shall bluth an human form like thefe to wear,

085

200

For present ease shall barter future blifs. And fure no world can be more black than this. Deep in my fwelling heart shall plunge the knife, And cry, while flies my foul from mortal strife, "Heaven blefs my father, though he gave me life!" Ceafe, wild enthusiast! end thy angry tale, O'er human frailties drop compaffion's veil; View them with grief, not rage, nor dare to fcan With cenfure too fevere thy fellow-man! Think, had no parent watch'd thy pliant youth, Curb'd thy wild passions, turn'd thy steps to Truth, And taught thee by her radiant light to know That blifs is virtue, and that guilt is woe, Spurning reftraint, and fcorn'd each facred vow, Haply thyfelf had been what thefe are now; These, who by headstrong passions forc'd away, Or preffing want, or ftrong example's fway, Strangers to love of man, or fear of God, But trod perhaps those paths their parents trod, While ignorance led them to that whirlpool's brink, Where long they ftruggled, and where now they fink ! And force no world can be more black than that

Deep in the facilities heart that fillings was all the

And cry, while they the fact from morth liquid

" stearen blots my finder, though he give me all

View them with rollell not myc, more day to from

attence in little with Med can improve out bold and it -

And taggett thee by her radiant in he in herow

Sparning refinairs, and from the deck form I vow.

Where long they struggled, goldwheil pow the

Haply thyielf had been what their me from :

That this is viere, and that guilt until

Curb'd thy wild pathons, torn'd the abos to Truth.

With confure too feece gly fellow-much

174. Nullane perjuri capitis, fraudifque nefandæ

Pœna erit? Abreptum crede hunc graviore catenà

Protinus, & nostro (quid plus velit ira?) necari

Oh! view their lot, my foul, nor more repine

To bear those evils Fate has fix'd on mine;

Content, though many a grief my bosom wrings,

If still that bosom owns no conscious stings,

If still I know for others wounds to feel,

With pity view them, and with pleasure heal,

And still those pangs which cause so keen a smart,

Nor sour my temper, nor deprave my heart.

Yes! though by fate with heaviest forrows curst,

From my pale lips no murmuring breath should burst,

If still my hand had power to raise the opprest,

And, though unblest myself, make others blest!

That power, Emilius, still is yours!—Then why
Thus pants your bosom, and thus flames your eye?
Your gold, though lost....

EMILIUS.

..... Noy, 'tis not gold which makes.
This fury tear me; but my bile it shakes,
That still my lawful suit in vain I urge,
And still you caitiff mocks the avenging scourge!

principle against on street motor that it

Wich mily view them, and with pleasing best.

Nor four my temper, nor depaye my near,

Yes t though by fore with heavielf for make earth

from my pale ligs no muracular breath front benty.

Thus parts your bolom, and the a flance your tree!

And fill you calliff mocks the avenging focurge!

This fury tear met but roy bile it flakes,

That fill my lawful falt in value I way

Your gold, though loft

177. Arbitrio. Manet illa tamen jactura, nec unquam

Depositum tibi sospes erit. Sed corpore trunco

Invidiosa dabit minimus solatia sanguis.

180. At vindicta bonum vità jucundius ipsà.

casham doight Ltop age do yell and the

Semper & infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas,
Ultio.

Could I but once his well-earn'd fufferings fee!....

THE AUTHOR.

And would his fufferings then bring wealth to thee?

Would with his blood gold to thy coffers run,

Or all his groans repay thee one pound one?

EMILIUS.

Not fo; but vengeance....

THE AUTHOR.

What thou must shame to speak, I shame to hear!

Base minds alone delight in vengeance find,

That low vile passion of a low vile mind!

Oh! think, when summoned to the throne of Heaven,

As thou forgav'st, so thou shalt be forgiven!

And think, what pangs would rack each throbbing nerve,

If God should judge us, as our faults deserve!

Say, at this moment should the perjur'd wretch,

Stung with remorse, his hands imploring stretch

Tow'rds thee for pardon, while with tears and groans

Thy foot he kisses, and his guilt he owns,

Could I but once his well-carn'd fulferings feet,

And would his fufferings then bring wealth to thee?
Would with his blood gold to thy coffees run,
Or all his grouns ropey three one pound one?
Exercise.

Not fo; but vengensies....

SHORE ALERT

192.

What thou must shame to speak, I shame to bear!

Cur tamen hos tu's element of the

Mens habet attonitos, et furdo verbere cædit, idi 140 Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?

And think, what pangs would rack each throbbing utive, if God thould judge us, as our faults deferve!

Say, at this moment thould the perjur'd wretch, stung with remorfe, his hands imploring firetch.

Tow'rds thee for pardon, while with tears and groans.

Thy foot he killes, and his guilt he owns.

Should that foot fourn him? Would'ft thou frown, and cry "Back, finner, to the flames thou fain would'it fly !" Twere nobler far, thy thirst of vengeance o'er, To hid the finner rife, and fin no more; Twere nobler far to play the Christian's part, Aid struggling Conscience to secure his heart, Confirm his faith, with hope inspire his breast, And make him virtuous now, hereafter bleft. Then, when thou died'ft, the transport thine would be Proudly to boaft—"God owes a foul to me!" But if revenge alone can please you, know, E'en now, though law was blind, though justice flow, More pangs he feels, his heart by conscience rent, Than you could name, or mortal brain invent. True, from his lips no 'plaints inform the crowd What pains are his-deep are his groans, not loud*; True, from his eyes no streams of anguish roll, 3600 His burning tears fall inwards on his foul: There brood thy vipers, Confcious Guilt, and dart With ceafeless spite their fangs into his heart;

" "Curies not loud, but deep." MACBETH.

Should that foot from him? World't thou frown and cay

" Back, finger, to the flames then han wealth fly "

And throughing Confidence to focuse his Bourt, on

a von dore, though laware the land density funds of a

Note pangs the technical district for the second spines and

an end could be mode or mortal bright them.

True from his lips yes 'plaints inform these and

that of a season on some of the same of any order.

proceed and comi again the at enight and these s marks

this barriage topes fall fowards on his forder

What pages and life eddep are His secret from land

Leve broad the vipers, Considers Gode and dark

- 197. Poena autem vehemens ac multò fævior illis

 Quas & Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamanthus,

 Nocte dieque fuum gestare in pectore testem.
- 211. Perpetua anxietas nec mensæ tempore cessat,
 Faucibus ut morbo siccis, interque molares
 Dissicili crescente cibo: sed vina misellus
 Exspuit.

There prints with bloodless stroke thy filent steel Wounds, that no balm can cafe, no time can heal! Not all the pangs which Dante's visions swell, No freezing limbo, and no fiery hell, Surpass his torments, who still bears unblest A felf-accuser in his own sad breast. Difgust, and ceaseless Care, and anxious Fear Still share his bed, and at his board appear. In vain his Cooks their various arts combine Each dish to season, and each sauce refine; Champagne's rich grape in vain, to chear his foul, With brilliant bubbles fills his chrystal bowl: The harpy Conscience pounces on her prey*, Tears from his hand the untafted food away, And, ere the wine his pallid lips can pass, Her gall-fraught tongue drops poison in his glass.

370

* At subitæ horrisco lapsu de montibus adsunt
Harpyiæ, & magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,
Deripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia sædant
Immundo.

Æxero, Book 111.

Diffruit, and calibles Care, and anxiods Fear

still thate his bed, and at his board appear,

In vain his Cooks their various arts of believe

Each diffe to featon, and each fauce refines

Champagne's rich grape in vain, to chear his foul,

With building laddles fills his chrodel bowl;

The harpy Condicace pomeces on hel grey !.

Tears from his bond the untailed food away.

And one and his pulled line can pak

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THE RELEASE OF THE PARTY ASSESSMENT OF

217. Nocte brevem si fortè indulsit cura soporem,
Et toto versata toro jam membra quiescunt,
Continuò templum, & violati Numinus aras,
Et (quod præcipuis mentem sudoribus urget)
Te videt in somnis. Tua sacra & major imago
Humana turbat pavidum, cogitque sateri.

Next mark, my friend, his flumbers !-- If Repofe Lifts to his fuit, and bids his eye-lids clofe, Mark what convulfions heave his martyr'd breaft. And frequent starts, and heart-drawn fighs attest, Though Nature grants him fleep, that Guilt denies him reft. Now groans of tortur'd ghofts his ear affright; Now ghaftly phantoms dance before his fight; And now he fees (and screams in frantic fear) To fize gigantic fwell'd thy angry fhade appear! Swift at thy furnmons rash with hideous yell Their prey to seize the Denizens of hell! 300 Headlong they hurl him on some ice-rock's point, Mangle each limb, and diflocate each joint; Or plunge him deep in blue fulphureous lakes; Or lash his quivering flesh with twisted snakes; Or in his brain their burning talons dart; Or from his bosom rend his panting heart To bathe their fiery lips in guilty gore!---Then starts he from his couch, while dews of horror pour Down his dank forehead-wrings his hands, and prays to fleep no more.

223. Hi funt qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent,
Cum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure cœli;
Non quasi fortuitus, nec ventorum rabie, sed,
Iratus cadat in terras, & vindicet ignis.

Though Mount bring bilm theen than Chille denice him reft.

New ormans of commit wholls his car afficient

Now chaffy phantons dance before his fight;

And now he tees (and forcome in frantic fear)

Headlong they burt him on fome ice-rode's point,

Or sinner him deep in blue fulphingous lakes;

or less that distriction their with twided footses;

I beir puter to feize the Denizems of hell

Margie each that, and diffecate each joint:

or in he beath their burning talons dart:

fleep no more.

Or from his botom rend his panting heart's

Proxima tempestas; velut hoc dilata sereno.

001

229. Prætereà, lateris vigili cum febre dolorem
Si cœpere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum
Infesto credunt à Numine; saxa Deorum

Hark! the Storm-demon shricks !- It thunders !- Lo! 400 How pale his cheeks, how wild his eye-balls grow, Heard the first murmur; while he waits the crash, And dreads to fee the etherial meteors flash. mailione? No shock of clouds, he thinks, no casual hand Rolls the red bolt, or darts th' avenging brand; 'Tis Heaven's own voice in thunder bids him die, And 'tis to blaft him you blue lightnings fly! His fears were vain; the florm disperses; -true, But who can answer what the next may do? Though now fweet nature fleeps, and fkies are fair, Soon gathering clouds again may gloom the air; Soon fhafts divine, winged by celeftial breath, Again may glare, and the next fhaft brings death! With ceafelefs fears and confcious pangs oppreft By day, by night unknown one hour of reft, Wasted his limbs, his strength and spirits fled, Difease now chains him on her thorny bed. The couch in crowds though Galen's fons furround, His dire complaints deride their skill profound;

No thock of clouds, he thinks, no carral hand

And its to blatt him year blue lightwings sty !

But who can answer what the peor may do?

He fore were vain; the flower of parties - true,

Though now forcet nature fleens, and Ikies are fair,

Soon gathering clouds again may gloom the air

Soon that's divine, winged by calculat breath,

By day, by might unknown one hour of reft,

Difference ow chains him on her thorny bed.

Waited bis limbs, bis firength and fairlis fied,

The course, and crowds though Galery fore, forrough

this dire complaints dende their field molonists

Rolls the red bolt, or dark th' apentingshands

Tis Heaven's own voice in thunder bids him die.;

Balantem & Laribus criftam promittere galli

Non audent. Quid enim sperare nocentibus ægris

Concessum?

237. Cùm scelus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas,
Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt sentire peractis

053.

No med'cine brings relief, no pang is eas'd,

For who can medicine to a mind difeas'd'!

Heaven's Lord alone!—" And shall I dare invoke

"With prayers that Power, whose holiest law I broke!

"In heaven still fresh my violated vow,

"Will angels heed my forced repentance now!

"Hence, idle thought! no prayers can now obtain

"Aid from insulted Heaven, and man's is vain!"

Thus cries the wretch, distraction in his eye,

Hopeless to live, yet unprepared to die;

By fear his soul, by pain his body vext,

By conscience tortured, and by doubt perplext,

Loathing this world, and shuddering at the next.

Yet though his old offence thus brands with shame.

His conscious forehead, and unmans his frame.

* Can'ft thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted forrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the foul spirit of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart?

MACSETH.

Damnatos, fixa & mutari nefcia. Nam quis

Peccandi finem pofuit fibi! quando recepit

Ejectum femel attrità de fronte ruborem!

Quifnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno

Flagitio! Dabit in laqueum vestigia noster

Perfidus, & nigri patietur carceris uncum.

430

248.

Tandemque fatebere lætus diso.

Consideration and contractor to a mind difference, in Proceedings of the Contract of the period of the Contract of the period of the Contract of the Contract

That weight appn the healt?

By fear his foul, by pain his body vext,

" Aid from infulted Heaven, and man's is vain!"

By confcience torrored, and by doubt perplext.

His confcious foreboad, and unmons his frame,

Those cries the wretch, difinition in his eve,

Hopeleis to live, yet unprepared to dies

Nec furdum, nec Tirefiam quenquam effe Deorum.

MAGRATIC

When some new sin excites his impiqus zeal,

His heart is adamant, his nerves are steel:

Nor think, your perjur'd friend, reform'd by time,

Will bound his forseits to this single crime.

The rose of innocence, once rent away,

No more shall grace his brow. And who can say,

"One step, and then no further?"—This first sin

Crown'd with success, ere long his feet shall win

To lostier heights of vice, and urge his sate

From bad to worse, from little crimes to great,

Till his broad guilt for public vengeance calls,

And to the laws his life a victim salls.

Then shalt thou own (and blush at thy mistrust),

Crimes still are punish'd, and God still is just!

Here break we off!—Speed thou to Lombard-street,

Here break we off!—Speed thou to Lombard-ftr Or plod the gambling 'Change with bufy feet, 'Midft Bulls and Bears fome false report to spread, Of Prussia armed, or Buonaparte dead, From specious lies an bonest gain to draw, And spoil some wretch in forms allowed by law;

450

When fome new fin excites his impique zeal, His heart is adamant, his nerves are fleel; Nor think, your parlar'd friend, reform'd by time. Will bound his forfeits to this fingle crime. The rote of innocence, once rentaway,

No more thall grace his brow. And who can fay, 440 "One slep, and then no further !" - This sirth fin Crown'd with faccefs, ere long his feet flath win l'o loftier heights of vive, and mge his fine from bad to worth, from little crimes to great, I'll his broad guilt for public vengeance calls, and to the laws his life a victim fall.

> Then that thou own (and bluth at thy political); Crimes hill are punished, and God hill is held !!

Here break we off ;- Speed they to Logicant-fires; Or pind the gambling Change with bury feet, Midth Bulls and Bears forme falle report to ipreset, Of Pruffia armed or Buonaparte dead, From specious lies an boxed gain to dunie And spoil some wretch in forms allowed by law ;

More dupes to find, more knavish tricks to learn,
And fooled thyself, fool others in thy turn:
While I, sequestered in some favourite nook,
Or guide the pencil, or explore the book,
Blest, if still free from mad Ambition's dreams,
Youth's vain rash hopes, and Interest's fordid schemes,
Youth's vain rash hopes, and Interest's fordid schemes,
The Muse awake her lute's harmonious powers,
And still can boast (when down life's vale I bend
My steps, nor grieved, nor glad my days to end),
A feeling heart, an open hand, content, and one true friend.

FINIS.

More dupes to find, more knowith wicks to learn,
And fooled thyfelf, fool others in thy turn?

While I, sequeflered in forme favorable most.

Or guide the pencil, or explore the book,
BleC. if fill free from mad Ambition's discours,
Youth's vain rath hopes, and increase forefid-falament, also
I sometimes hear, to chear my lonely hours.
The Muse ganke her lute's harmonians powers.
And still can bear (other down life's vale I bear.
My steps, nor grieved, nor gint my days to end.)

A feeling heart, an open hand, content, and one receitsery.

FINIT